Numb. 5.

THE South-Carolina Gazette.

Containing the freſheſt Advices Foreign and Domeſtick.

From Saturday, *January* 29. to Saturday, *February* 5, 1731-2.

To the PUBLISHER.

IF you think the following Account of the *Silk-worm*, &c. may be either uſeful or entertaining, you'll do well to give it a place in your Paper.

Yours, &c.

*** AGRICOLA.

THE *Silk-worm* is an Inſect, not more remarkable for the precious Matter it furniſhes for divers Stuffs; than for the many Forms it aſſumes, before and after it's being invelop'd in the rich Cod or Ball it weaves it ſelf. From a Grain, or Seed, which is it's firſt State, it becomes a pretty big *Worm*, of a whitiſh Colour, bordering on a yellow. When a *Worm*, it ſhuts itſelf up in it's Cod, and aſſumes the Form of a kind of greeniſh Bean, without any Signs of Life or Motion. At length it awakes to become a Butter-fly; after making itſelf a Paſſage out of its *ſilken* Sepulchre. And, at laſt, dying indeed, it prepares itſelf, by a Grain, or Seed it caſts, for a new Life; which the warmth of the Summer Weather aſſiſts it in reſuming.

Aſſoon as the *Silk-worm* is arrived at the Size and Strength neceſſary for the beginning his Cod; he makes his Web: For 'tis thus they call that ſlight Tiſſue, which makes the Beginning, and Ground of this admirable Work. This is his firſt Day's Employment. On the Second, he forms his Cod, and covers himſelf almoſt over with *Silk*. The third Day, he is quite hid; and the following Days employs himſelf in thickening and ſtrengthening his Cod: Always working from one ſingle End, which he never breaks, thro' his own Fault; and which is ſo fine, and ſo long, that thoſe, who have examined it attentively, think they ſpeak within compaſs, when they affirm, that each Cod contains *Silk* enough to reach the Length of ſix *Engliſh* Miles. In ten Days Time, the Cod is in its perfection; and is now to be taken down from the Branches of the Mulberry Tree, where the *Worms* have hung it. But this point requires a deal of Attention; for there are ſome *Worms* more lazy than others; and 'tis very dangerous waiting 'till they make themſelves a Paſſage, which uſually happens about the fifteenth Day of the Month.

The firſt, fineſt and ſtrongeſt Cods or Balls, are kept for the Grain; the reſt are carefully wound: Or, if 'tis deſired to keep them all, or if there be more than can be well wound at once; they lay them for ſometime in an Oven moderately hot, or elſe expoſe them for ſeveral Days ſucceſſively, to the greateſt Heats of the Sun, in order to kill the Bean, or Maggot; which, without this Precaution, would not fail to open itſelf a way to go and uſe thoſe new Wings abroad, it has acquired within. Ordinarily, they only wind the more perfect Cods. Thoſe that are double, or too weak, or too coarſe, are laid aſide; not as altogether uſeleſs, but that, being improper for winding, they are reſerved to be drawn out into Skains.

The Cods are of different Colours; the moſt common are Yellow, Orange-colour, Iſabella, and Fleſh-colour.

There are ſome alſo of a Sea-green; others of a Sulphur Colour, and others White: But there is no neceſſity for ſeperating the Colours and Shades to wind them apart; as all the Colours are to be loſt in the future ſcouring and preparing of the *Silk*.

[*To be Continued in our next.*]

FOREIGN

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Paris, July 13. This Day se'nnight, Count Maurice of Saxony received from Norway 14 little Horſes which are 5 Years old, and but 26 Inches high. On Tueſday he made 2 of them clamber up to the Comedians at the French Playhouſe, to ſhew them ſome Sport, thoſe Beaſts climbing like Cats: The Count carries them in his Arms, and ſtrokes them like Dogs; they are black & have beautiful Heads and long Tails: they are not ſhooed, neither does the Count deſign they ſhall, having travelled 300 Miles without battering their Hooſs or bruiſing their Feet, and their Hooſs being hard enough for the hardeſt Stones in our Streets. Aſſoon as they have perfectly recovered their Fatigue, and are in complete Order, the Count deſigns 8 of them as a Preſent to the Dauphine, to make a Sett for a little Phaeton, to whirl him about the Park of Verſailles, being very fleet.

Leghorn, Oct. 6. N.S. An Officer is gone thro' this Place, on his way from Vienna to Baſtia, with ſome particular Orders (as we are told) for General Wachtendonk, to put an end to the Differences with the Malecontents of Corſica, and to do it by the Emperor's Authority, becauſe that Iſland was declared a Fief of the Empire in the Year 1728.

Bilboa, Oct. 7. Here is a long Decree publiſhed in the King's Name, whereby the Engliſh, French and Dutch Maſters of Ships, and all other Foreigners, are forbid to load any Goods in their Harbour, ſo long as there are Spaniſh Ships here, which have not their full Loading; upon very ſevere Penalties both for the Maſters and the Ships. Whereupon the Conſuls of thoſe 3 Nations have ſent Expreſſes to the Miniſters of their reſpective Principals at Seville, to make vigorous Remonſtrances againſt it at that Court; to which they daily expect anſwers, the foreign Ships waiting here to know the Succeſs.

Barcelona, Oct. 14. The John and Jane Capt. Ed. Birt, from London, on the 24th of March laſt, being in ſight of Glover's Reef, near the Bay of Honduras, was attack'd by a Spaniſh Sloop of 10 carriage and 8 ſwivel Guns, and 70 Men, Pedro Polis Maſter, (which Sloop lately belonged to Boſton, when ſhe was called the 2 Brothers, but had been taken from the Engliſh by a Guarde Coſta) The John and Jane had but 25 Men, yet notwithſtanding ſhe maintained a Fight for 4 Hours, when having 2 Men kill'd, and 6 wounded, Capt. Birt called for Quarter: The Spaniards carried her that Day for Cavalo, where they landed the wounded, and all the reſt of her Crew, except 9, which they kept on board, and carried with the Ship to Campechy, where they arrived the 20th of April, ſold and confiſcated the Ship, impriſon'd the Men, and uſed them cruelly.

LONDON, *Octob.* 9.

We hear a Propoſal hath been laid before her Majeſty for conferring a Degree of Honour on the Ladies of Quality; and that the Ladies ſhould wear Stars on their Sides; the Honour to be conferred by her Majeſty; and the Number left to her Majeſty's Diſcretion.

One Hundred and Twenty Felons, confined in Newgate, will next Week be ſhip'd off for his Majeſty's Plantations in America: Beſides about 100 already put on board a Ship from Country Goals.

Laſt Week a Fire broke out in the Town of Cockthorp in the County of Norfolk, which before it was extinguiſhed, conſum'd the major part of that Town.

Bath, Oct. 14. Laſt Sunday the Rt. Rev. the Lord Biſhop of Landaff, preach'd an excellent Sermon at the Abbey-Church, for the Benefit of the poor Children belonging to the Charity School; and Divine Service being ended, 70 l. was collected at the Church Doors, for the aforeſaid Children.

Briſtol, Sept. 11, They write from *Bath*, that on Thurſday laſt, the celebrated Miſs *Fanny Brado---k* was found unfortunately hanged in her *Golden-Girdle*, at her Lodgings, in that City. By the Poſition of her Chair, and a Book lying on the Table, ſhe had been reading, juſt before ſhe committed the violent Act on herſelf. She was Daughter to the late General *Brado--k*, who, at his Death, left the above young Lady, and her Siſter 6000 l. but the latter dying about 4 Years ago, her Siſter became Miſtreſs of the whole Fortune, who, being a great Admirer of that hazardous Dependance, *Gaming*, lately met with ſome unlucky Chances, that both deprived her of all her *Fortune* and *Reaſon*, and occaſioned the unhappy Dilemma, abovementioned. It was obſerv'd, ſhe had been heard to ſay, after the laſt ſtroke given to her Fortune, That no one ſhould ever be ſenſible of her Neceſſities, were they reduced to the laſt Extremity. She is generally lamented by all that knew her, and was greatly eſteem'd for her courteous genteel Behaviour, and good Senſe. The Coroner's Inqueſt ſat on the Body, and brought in their Verdict Lunacy.

It is impoſſible to let the above remarkable Incident paſs unobſerved. And as the Obſervations I wou'd make, are chiefly deſigned for the Service of the *Female* Readers in *general*, I beg Leave to aſſure 'em, that I have no *particular One* in View.

The unfortunate Lady abovementioned, I happen'd myſelf to have ſo much perſonal Acquaintance with, at that *fatal Place of Gallantry* the *Bath*, as to know, that the favourable part of her Character towards the Cloſe of the Paragraph, is true.

To which I can add, that thoſe Qualities were not a little embelliſh'd by an agreeable Perſon. What pity was it then they took ſo unhappy a Turn!

But, as it is more my Inclination to endeavour to point out to the *Living*, the Methods for avoiding ſuch Calamities, than to aſperſe the *Dead*, let us leave her to the *Judgment* and *Mercy* of that *Being* who is *infallible* in *Both*.

I have already confeſſed my own inequality to a Task of this kind, you muſt therefore indulge me with Leave to throw together ſome Thoughts, to this Purpoſe, out of the excellent Writer, whoſe Sentiments on another Subject, I gave you in my laſt.

'HAVING obſerv'd (and that ſure, with the greateſt Juſtice) that moſt of our Calamities, in this Life, have their Riſe from *Idleneſs*, or, which is ſtill worſe, an *ill uſe* of our Time, He propoſes ſeveral Methods for filling up the empty Spaces of Life.

'The firſt of which, he tells us, is the Exercite of Virtue, in the moſt general Acceptation of the Word.

'Then, among others, he propoſes, *uſeful* and *innocent Diverſions*. Yet confeſſes, that he thinks 'tis below reaſonable Creatures to be altogether converſant in ſuch Diverſions, as are meerly innocent, and have nothing elſe to recommend 'em, but that there is no hurt in 'em. Whether any kind of *Gaming* (ſays he) has even thus much to ſay for itſelf, I ſhall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful, to ſee Perſons, of the beſt Senſe, paſſing away a Dozen Hours together, in ſhuffling and dividing a *Pack of Cards*, with no other Converſation than what is made up of a few *Game Phraſes*, and no other *Ideas* but thoſe of *Black* or *Red* Spots.

'The *Mind* (ſays the ſame Author) never unbends itſelf ſo agreeably, as in the Converſation of a *well choſen Friend*.

'There is indeed no Bleſſing of Life, that is any way comparable to the Enjoyment of a *diſcreet* and *virtuous Friend*. It eaſes and unloads the *Mind*, clears and improves the *Underſtanding*, engenders *Thoughts* and *Knowledge*, animates *Virtue* and *good Reſolution*, ſooths and allays the *Paſſions*, and finds *Employment* for moſt of the vacant Hours of Life.

But, as it is the *Fair-Sex* to whom I would now recommend theſe *Methods*, I think it incumbent on me (in Regard to this laſt) to remind 'em, of the ſingular *Difficulty* which *Cuſtom* as well as *Prudence* has brought them into in the *Choice* of ſuch of their *Friends* as are of the contrary Sex.

Yet, tho', with Shame I muſt own, that among *Us*, too many Inſtances of Treachery may be produced, I hope, that all the Fair mayn't have reaſon to diſown, that ſome of us have Integrity enough, to keep *Honour* in view. And that, from the Converſation of ſuch, they may poſſibly expect ſome Improvement.

But ſtill, the very Means, by which, they're to form a Judgment of our Conduct, may, by the leaſt Error in that Judgment, betray them to Deſtruction. So hazardous, and ſo unhappy is their Caſe!

Hence therefore riſes the *Danger* I would caution them againſt But, ſince the *good* or *ill Effect* of what I've been ſaying, muſt chiefly depend on the *Diſcernment* of the *Fair One*, in carefully obſerving the whole Tenor of the Words and Actions of him, with whom ſhe may happen to fall in with, in *ſuch Converſations*, ſhe muſt have either a very *weak* Underſtanding, or very ſtrong Paſſions, who can't, in ſome unguarded Hour, *diſcover* and *deſpiſe* the firſt Glimmerings of Diſhonour.

I ſhall take an Opportunity of enlarging on the other Methods propoſed by this Author, if not given to underſtand that *This* is taken otherwiſe, by the Ladies, than intended by their

Moſt ſincere humble Servant

St. John's Pariſh, Feb. 2. 1731. *and Well-wiſher*

HONESTUS.

***

Cambridge, in New-England, Nov. 1, This Day there was a Meeting of the Hon. & Rev. the Overſeers of Harvard College, in the Library of the ſaid College. And after the Buſineſs of their convening was over; his Excellency Gov. Belcher produc'd 3 Diploma's from the Univerſity of Glaſgow, which were directed and incloſed to him: By them it appears the Senate of that ancient and illuſtrious Univerſity have conferr'd the Honour of a Doctor's Degree of the Divinity on the Rev. Mr. Benjamin Colman, and Mr. Joſeph Sewall, Miniſters in Boſton; and of a Degree of Maſter of Arts on Mr. Mather, Chaplain to his Majeſty's Caſtle William. The Gentlemen who have been ſo honoured by the Univerſity, cannot but be gratified with the free and generous Manner wherein their Degrees have been conferr'd, being what they never ſought. And indeed this muſt be mention'd as one among the many diſtinguiſhing Honours of that Univerſity, that they look on real Merit of Foreigners, as worthy of their Encouragement, without any Application for it. After his Excellency the Governor had deliver'd theſe Diploma's, the Overſeers ordered them to be enroll'd in the publick Records of Harvard College.

CHARLES-